

The Man who Told Three Lies.

There lived in Samaria a good man whose name was Eliseus. He was a prophet, that is, one tells beforehand what will happen.

Eliseus had a servant whose name was Gehazi. We should think that he must be a good man, for he lived with such a good master; but he used many ways make people good to live with these that are so.

— Independent.

From the Buffalo Courier.

An Incident in School Life.

NEVER TWIT A BOY FOR WHAT HE CANNOT AVOID.

One day there came to Elkhart a rich, great
from Syria, whose name was Nazarin. He
sick with a dreadful disease called leprosy. W
people have this disease, the hair grows white

Incidents trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt, wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the

Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. We give place to the following true narrative, as an illustration of this fact, and because it inculcates a truth which every man, woman, and child may profitably bear in mind.

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now to some extent among district schools in the country, to have spelling schools during the winter time. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, and were well patronized.

ars, at that time was to be decided, who was the best speller. Occasionally one school would visit another for a test of scholarship in this regard. Ah! how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

One on time, a neighboring school sent word to ours, that, on a certain day in the afternoon, they

would meet in our school-house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home in the evening, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables.

"What a pity my master did not take a thought, when Naaman is such a rich man, and could spare it as well as not. Then he began to weep; he had some of the money, and thus he broke the tenth commandment, "Thou shalt not covet." N

bles, abbreviations, &c., &c. which the spelling-books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on op-

He resolved to do a very wicked thing. He rat-
ter Naaman, who had got a long way off. When
Naaman saw him coming, he stopped for him.
When he came he asked him, "Is all well?"
Gehaz said, "All is well," and then added a
lie. "My master sent me, and told me to say

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on

the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished

young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had set up night after night while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch; as word after word was spoken by

ment. At length the young lady awoke and stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the word was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools and was decorated victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Seen as the school was dismissed, my competitors came and stood by my side and congratulated me on my success, inquiring my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unconscious of such attention, I doubtless acted as most little boys would under such circumstances.

stances, unjudiciously. At this juncture, Master G., the son of the *rich man* of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school:—“Oh, you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard.”

I was a drunkard's son—and how could I look

my new friends in the race? My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes—but I kept them back; and soon as possible, quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home. But such a home. "My folks were poor—and my father was

for a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste

of liquor, and that I would show Master G. if I was a drunkard's son, I would stay just as high as he did. But all my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting words and hughty manner. In this frame of mind—my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen—I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I

snarled my face in her lap and burst into tears—
Mother seeing my grief, waited until I was more
composed, when I told her what had happened, and
added, passionately, "I wish others wouldn't be
a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks."
At first mother seemed almost overwheeled, but
quickly rallying said:

"My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret	4 46	2 09	2 09
that your feelings have been so injured. G, has	4 46	2 09	2 09
told you about things you cannot tell. Be	13 46	5 09	5 09
more mild, my son. Be always honest; never	17 46	10 09	10 09
taste a drop of intoxicating liquor: study and im-	21 46	10 09	10 09
prove your mind. Depend on your own energies,	25 46	10 09	10 09
trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared,	29 46	9 09	9 09

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that day, and I have paired many living
cells, but none ever made so strong an im-
pression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G's.
It was so unjust and so unloved for. Now, G's
never thought to treat your mates with kind-
ness, nor to be gentle in making remarks toward
any one, and I wonder that the son of a poor man,
and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen
as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I recognized him. "I told him I did not,"

"Do you remember," said he, "of being at a spelling-school on a certain time, and a rude, thoughtless boy sitting next to me, and being a drinker & a swearer?" "Well," continued the gentleman, "that was I." "Well," continuing the same man, "and that boy—there has been not probably a month of my life passed since then, but I have thought of you every day."

Hence, especially as mothers that do wish their children to attain to the highest degree of education, we beg to inform them that we are desirous of securing pupils for our school.

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Wm. L. Garrison

NOTICE:

romantic with regret and shame, and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling at you, and asking your forgiveness for that 'a. t. ' Boys, I gave my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. Boys, never tell another for what he cannot help.

USKLE JOSEPH.

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